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Quiet

Reference number PT0691

FLORA

Whadaya call a job at Garret and Mellicks?  
Whadaya call a fashion illustrator?

Whadaya call assisting Mister Stanley

*(spoken)*

Me!

*(sung)*

Whadaya call

*(spoken)*

thirty dollars a week?!

Thirty, thirty, thirty, thirty, thirty!

*(sung)*

I wanna run

*(spoken)*

No I don't.

*(sung)*

I wanna scream.

*(spoken)*

No I don't.

*(sung)*

I wanna

I wanna sit down.

I don't hear anything.

You're supposed to hear bells, drums, trumpets.

I don't hear anything.

Do you hear anything?

*(spoken)*

No

*(sung)*

Well, whadaya know?

When it all come true,  
just the way you planned,  
it's funny but the bells don't ring.

It's a quiet thing.

When you hold the world  
in your trembling hand,  
you'd think you'd hear a choir sing.

It's a quiet thing.

There are no exploding fire works;  
Where's the roaring of the crowds?  
Maybe it's the strange new atmosphere  
way up here among the clouds.

But I don't hear the drums,

I don't hear the band,

the sounds I'm told such moments bring

Happiness comes in on tiptoe.

Well, whadaya know,

It's a quiet thing,

A very quiet thing.

Whadaya call a job at Garret and Mellicks?

Whadaya call a fashion illustrator?

*(spoken)*

What do you call thirty dollars a week?

Thirty!